

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

A L E C T U R E B Y

Russell Herrman Conwell



Reprinted from

“Modern Eloquence”

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed's Famous Library of the Best After-Dinner Speeches, Classic and Popular Lectures, Renowned Addresses, Reminiscence, Illustration, Anecdote and Repartee, in ten handsome volumes, illustrated by fine photogravures and color plates

JOHN D. MORRIS AND COMPANY
Publishers, PHILADELPHIA

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

ACRES OF DIAMONDS
By Russell Herrman Conwell

Copyrighted, Russell H. Conwell, 1901

RUSSELL HERRMAN CONWELL

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

[Lecture by Russell H. Conwell, clergyman, platform orator, pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, since 1882, and President of Temple College (born in South Worthington, Mass., February 15, 1843; ——), the most famous of his series of popular lectures, delivered on many platforms.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The title of this lecture originated away back in 1869. When going down the Tigris River, we hired a guide from Bagdad to show us down to the Arabian Gulf. That guide whom we employed resembled the barbers we find in America. That is, he resembled the barbers in certain mental characteristics. He thought it was not only his duty to guide us down the river, but also to entertain us with stories; curious and weird, ancient and modern, strange and familiar; many of them I have forgotten, and I am glad I have. But there was one which I recall to-night. The guide grew irritable over my lack of appreciation, and as he led my camel by the halter he introduced his story by saying: "This is a tale I reserve for my *particular friends*." So I then gave him my close attention. He told me that there once lived near the shore of the River Indus, toward which we were then traveling, an ancient Persian by the name of Al Hafed. He said that Al Hafed owned a large farm, with orchards, grain fields and gardens; that he had money at interest, had a beautiful wife and lovely children, and was a wealthy and contented man. Contented because he was wealthy, and wealthy because he was contented.

One day there visited this old Persian farmer one of those ancient Buddhist priests, one of the wise men of the

East, who sat down by Al Hafed's fireside and told the old farmer how this world was made. He told him that this world was once a great bank of fog, and that the Almighty thrust His finger into this bank of fog, and began slowly to move his finger around, and then increased the speed of his finger until he whirled this bank of fog into a solid ball of fire; and as it went rolling through the universe, burning its way through other banks of fog, it condensed the moisture, until it fell in floods of rain upon the heated surface of the world, and cooled the outward crust; then the internal fires, bursting the cooling crust, threw up the mountains, and the hills, and the valleys of this wonderful world of ours.

"And" said the old priest, "if this internal melted mass burst forth and cooled very quickly it became granite, if it cooled more slowly, it became copper; if it cooled less quickly, silver; less quickly, gold; and after gold, diamonds were made." Said the old priest, "A diamond is a congealed drop of sunlight." That statement is literally true.

And the old priest said another very curious thing. He said that a diamond was the last and the highest of God's mineral creations, as a woman is the last and highest of God's animal creations. That is the reason, I suppose, why the two have such a liking for each other. [Applause.]

The old priest told Al Hafed if he had a diamond the size of his thumb, he could purchase a dozen farms like his. "And," said the priest, "if you had a handful of diamonds, you could purchase the county, and if you had a mine of diamonds you could purchase kingdoms, and place your children upon thrones, through the influence of your great wealth."

Al Hafed heard all about the diamonds that night, and went to bed a poor man. He wanted a whole mine of diamonds. Early in the morning he sought the priest and awoke him. Well, I know, by experience, that a priest is very cross when awakened early in the morning.

Al Hafed said: "Will you tell me where I can find diamonds?"

The priest said: "Diamonds? What do you want of diamonds?"

Said Al Hafed: "I want to be immensely rich."

"Well," said the priest, "if you want diamonds, all you have to do is to go and find them, and then you will have them."

"But," said Al Hafed, "I don't know where to go."

"If you will find a river that runs over white sands, between high mountains, in those white sands you will always find diamonds," answered the priest.

"But," asked Al Hafed, "do you believe there is such a river?"

"Plenty of them; all you have to do is just go where they are."

"Well," said Al Hafed, "I will go."

So he sold his farm; collected his money that was at interest; left his family in charge of a neighbor, and away he went in search of diamonds.

He began his search, very properly to my mind, at the Mountains of the Moon. Afterwards he came around into Palestine, and then wandered on into Europe. At last, when his money was all gone and he was in rags, poverty and wretchedness, he stood on the shore at Barcelona, in Spain, when a great tidal wave swept through the pillars of Hercules; and the poor, starving, afflicted stranger could not resist the awful temptation to cast himself into that incoming tide; and he sank beneath its foaming crest, never to rise in this life again.

When the old guide had told me that story, he stopped the camel I was riding upon and went back to arrange the baggage on another camel, and I had an opportunity to muse over his story. And I asked myself this question: "Why did this old guide reserve this story for his *particular friends*?" But when he came back and took up the camel's halter once more, I found that was the first story I ever heard wherein the hero was killed in the first chapter. For he went on into the second chapter, just as though there had been no break.

Said he: "The man who purchased Al Hafed's farm, led his camel out into the garden to drink, and as the animal put his nose into the shallow waters of the garden brook, Al Hafed's successor noticed a curious flash of light from the white sands of the stream. Reaching in he pulled out a black stone containing a strange eye of

light. He took it into the house as a curious pebble and putting it on the mantel that covered the central fire went his way and forgot all about it.

"But not long after that that same old priest came to visit Al Hafed's successor. The moment he opened the door he noticed the flash of light. He rushed to the mantel and said:—

"Here is a diamond! Here is a diamond! Has Al Hafed returned?"

"Oh no, Al Hafed has not returned and we have not heard from him since he went away, and that is not a diamond. It is nothing but a stone we found out in our garden."

"But," said the priest, "I know a diamond when I see it. I tell you that is a diamond."

Then together they rushed out into the garden. They stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and there came up other more beautiful, more valuable gems than the first.

"Thus," said the guide,—and friends it is historically true,—"was discovered the diamond mines of Golconda, the most valuable diamond mines in the history of the ancient world."

Well, when the guide had added the second chapter to his story, he then took off his Turkish red cap, and swung it in the air to call my special attention to the moral; those Arab guides always have morals to their stories, though the stories are not always moral.

He said to me: "Had Al Hafed remained at home, and dug in his own cellar, or underneath his own wheat field, instead of wretchedness, starvation, poverty and death in a strange land, he would have had **ACRES OF DIAMONDS.**"

Acres of Diamonds! For every acre of that old farm, yes, every shovelful, afterwards revealed the gems which since have decorated the crowns of monarchs.

When the guide had added the moral to this story, I saw why he reserved it for his *particular friends*. But I didn't tell him that I could see it. It was that mean, old Arab's way of going around a thing, like a lawyer, and saying indirectly what he didn't dare say directly; that in his private opinion "there was a certain young man trav-

eling down the Tigris River, who might better be at home, in America." [Laughter.]

I told him his story reminded me of one. You all know it. I told him that a man in California, in 1847, owned a ranch there. He heard that they had discovered gold in Southern California, though they had not. And he sold his farm to Colonel Sutter, who put a mill on the little stream below the house. One day his little girl gathered some of the sand in her hands from the raceway, and brought it into the house. And while she was sifting it through her fingers, a visitor there noticed the first shining scales of real gold that were ever discovered in California. Acres and acres of gold. I was introduced, a few years ago, while in California, to the one-third owner of the farm, and he was then receiving one hundred and twenty dollars in gold for every fifteen minutes of his life, sleeping or waking. You and I would enjoy an income like that, now that we have no income tax.

Professor Agassiz, the great geologist of Harvard University, that magnificent scholar, told us, at the Summer School of Mineralogy, that there once lived in Pennsylvania a man who owned a farm,—and he did with his farm just what I should do if I had a farm in Pennsylvania. He sold it. [Applause.] But, before he sold it, he decided to secure employment, collecting coal oil. He wrote to his cousin in Canada that he would like to go into that business. His cousin wrote back to him: "I cannot engage you, because you don't understand the oil business." "Then," said he, "I will understand it," and with commendable zeal, he set himself at the study of the whole theory of the coal oil subject. He began away back at the second day of God's creation. He found that there was once another sun that shone on this world, and that then there were immense forests of vegetation. He found that the other sun was put out, and that this world after a time fell into the wake of the present sun. It was then locked in blocks of ice. Then there rose mighty icebergs that human imagination cannot grasp, and as those mountains of ice did ride those stormy seas, they beat down this original vegetation, they planed down the hills, toppled over the mountains, and everywhere buried this original vegetation which has since been turned by

chemical action to the primitive beds of coal, and in connection with which only is found coal oil in paying quantities.

So he found out where oil originated. He studied it until he knew what it looked like, what it smelled like, how to refine it, and where to sell it.

"Now," said he to his cousin in a letter, "I know all about the oil business, from the second day of God's creation to the present time."

His cousin replied to him to "come on." So he sold his farm in Pennsylvania for \$833—even money, no cents.

After he had gone from the farm, the farmer who had purchased his place, went out to arrange for watering the cattle; and he found that the previous owner had already arranged for that matter. There was a stream running down the hillside back of the barn; and across that stream from bank to bank, the previous owner had put in a plank edgewise at a slight angle, for the purpose of throwing over to one side of the brook a dreadful looking scum through which the cattle would not put their noses, although they would drink on this side below the plank. Thus that man, who had gone to Canada, and who had studied all about the oil business, had been himself damming back for twenty-three years a flood of coal oil, which the state geologist said in 1870 was worth to our state a hundred millions of dollars. A hundred millions! The city of Titusville stands bodily on that farm now. And yet, though he knew all about the theory, he sold the farm for \$833—again I say "*no sense.*" [Applause.]

I need another illustration. I find it in Massachusetts. The young man went down to Yale College and studied mines and mining, and became such an adept at mineralogy, that during his senior year in the Sheffield School, they paid him as a tutor fifteen dollars a week for the spare time in which he taught. When he graduated they raised his pay to forty-five dollars a week and offered him a professorship. As soon as they did that he went home to his mother! If they had raised his salary to fifteen dollars and sixty cents, then he would have stayed. But when they made it forty-five dollars a week he said: "I won't work for forty-five dollars a week!" The idea of

a man with a brain like mine, working for forty-five dollars a week! Let us go out to California and stake out gold and silver and copper claims, and be rich!"

Said his mother: "Now Charley, it is just as well to be happy as it is to be rich."

"Yes," said he. "It is just as well to be rich and happy too." [Applause.]

They were both right about it. And as he was the only son, and she was a widow, of course he had his way. They always do. So they sold out in Massachusetts and went, not to California, but to Wisconsin, and there he entered the employ of the Superior Copper Mining Company, at fifteen dollars a week again. But with the proviso that he should have an interest in any mines he should discover for the company. I don't believe he ever discovered a mine there. Still I have often felt when I mentioned this fact in Northern Wisconsin, that he might be in the audience and feel mad at the way I speak about it. Still here is the fact, and it seems unfortunate to be in the way of a good illustration. But I don't believe he ever found any other mine. Yet I don't know anything about that end of the line. I know that he had scarcely gone from Massachusetts, before the farmer who had purchased his farm was bringing a large basket of potatoes in through the gateway. You know in Massachusetts our farms are almost entirely stone wall. [Applause.] Hence the basket hugged very close in the gate, and he dragged it on one side and then on the other. And as he was pulling that basket through the gateway, the farmer noticed in the upper and outer corner of that stone wall next to the gate, a block of native silver eight inches square. And this professor of mines and mining and mineralogy, who would not work for forty-five dollars a week, because he knew so much about the subject, when he sold that homestead, sat on that very stone to make the bargain. He was born on that very farm, and they told me that he had gone by that piece of silver and rubbed it with his sleeve, until it reflected his countenance and seemed to say to him, "Here, take me! Here is a hundred thousand dollars right down here in the rocks just for the taking." But he wouldn't take it. This was near Newburyport, Massachusetts. He wouldn't believe

in silver at home. He said: "There is no silver in Newburyport. It is all away off,—well, I don't know where,"—and he didn't. But somewhere else. And he was a Professor of Mineralogy. I don't know of anything I would better enjoy in taking the whole time, than telling of the blunders like this which I have heard that "Professors" have made.

I say that I would enjoy it. But after all there is another side to the question. For the more I think about it, the more I would like to know what he is doing in Wisconsin to-night. I don't believe he has found any mines, but I can tell you what I do believe is the case. I think he sits out there by his fireside to-night, and his friends are gathered around him and he is saying to them something like this:—

"Do you know that man Conwell who lives in Philadelphia?"

"Oh, yes, I have heard of him."

"Well you know that man Jones who lives in——"

"Yes, I have also heard of him," say they.

Then he begins to shake his sides with laughter, and he says:—

"They have both done the same thing I did precisely!"
And that spoils the whole joke.

Because you and I have done it. Yet nearly every person here will say: "Oh no, I never had any acres of diamonds or any gold mines or any silver mines."

But I say to you that you did have silver mines, and gold mines, and acres of diamonds, and you have them now.

Now let me speak with the greatest care lest my eccentricity of manner should mislead my listeners, and make you think I am here to entertain more than to help. I want to hold your attention on this oppressive night, with sufficient interest to leave my lesson with you.

You had an opportunity to be rich; and to some of you it has been a hardship to purchase a ticket for this lecture. Yet you have no right to be poor. It is all wrong. You have no right to be poor. It is your duty to be rich.

Oh, I know well that there are some things higher, sublimer than money! Ah, yes, there are some things sweeter, holier than gold! Yet I also know that there is

not one of those things but is greatly enhanced by the use of money.

"Oh," you will say, "Mr. Conwell, can you, as a Christian teacher, tell the young people to spend their lives making money?"

Yes, I do. Three times I say, I do, I do, I do. You ought to make money. Money is power. Think how much good you could do if you had money now. Money is power and it ought to be in the hands of good men. It would be in the hands of good men if we comply with the Scripture teachings, where God promises prosperity to the righteous man. That means more than being goody-good—it means the all-around righteous man. You should be a righteous man, and if you were, you would be rich. [Applause.]

I need to guard myself right here. Because one of my theological students came to me once to labor with me, for heresy, inasmuch as I had said that money was power.

He said: "Mr. Conwell, I feel it my duty to tell you that the Scriptures say that money 'is the root of all evil.'"

I asked him: "Have you been spending your time making a new Bible when you should have been studying theology." He said: "That is in the old Bible."

I said "I would like to have you find it for me. I have never seen it."

He triumphantly brought a Bible, and with all the bigoted pride of a narrow sectarian, who finds his creed on some misinterpretation of Scripture, threw it down before me and said: "There it is! You can read it for yourself!"

I said to him: "Young man, you will learn before you get much older, that you can't trust another denomination to read the Bible for you. Please read it yourself, and remember that 'emphasis is exegesis.'"

So he read: "The *love* of money is the root of all evil."

Indeed it is. The *love* of money is the root of all evil. The love of the money, rather than the love of the good it secures, is a dangerous evil in the community. The desire to get hold of money, and to hold on to it, "hugging the dollar until the eagle squeals," is the root of all evil.

But it is a grand ambition for men to have the desire to gain money, that they may use it for the benefit of their fellow men. [Applause.]

Young man! you may never have the opportunity to charge at the head of your Nation's troops on some Santiago's heights; young woman, you may never be called on to go out in the seas like Grace Darling to save suffering humanity. But every one of you can earn money honestly, and with that money you can fight the battles of peace; and the victories of peace are always grander than those of war!

I say then to you, that you ought to be rich.

"Well," you say, "I would like to be rich, but I have never had an opportunity. I never had any diamonds about me"!

My friends you did have an opportunity. And let us see where your mistake was.

What business have you been in?

"Oh," some man or woman will say, "I keep a store upon one of these side streets, and I am so far from the great commercial center that I cannot make any money."

"Are you poor? How long have you kept that store"?

"Twenty years."

"Twenty years, and not worth five hundred thousand dollars now? There is something the matter with you. Nothing the matter with the side street. It is with you."

"Oh now," you will say, "any person knows that you must be in the center of trade if you are going to make money."

The man of common sense will not admit that that is necessarily true at all. If you are keeping that store and you are not making money, it would have been better for the community if they had kicked you out of that store, nineteen years ago.

No man has a right to go into business and not make money. It is a crime to go into business and lose money, because it is a curse to the rest of the community. No man has a moral right to transact business unless he makes something out of it. He has also no right to transact business unless the man he deals with has an opportunity also to make something. Unless he lives and

lets live, he is not an honest man in business. There are no exceptions to this great rule. [Applause.]

You ought to have been rich. You have no right to keep a store for twenty years and still be poor. You will say to me:—

“Now Mr. Conwell, I know the mercantile business better than you do.”

My friend, let us consider it a minute.

When I was young, my father kept a country store, and once in a while he left me in charge of that store. Fortunately for him it was not often. [Laughter.] When I had it in my charge a man came in the store door and said:—

“Do you keep jack-knives?”

“No we don’t keep jack-knives.” I went off and whistled a tune, and what did I care for that man? Then another man would come in and say:—

“Do you keep jack-knives?” “No, we don’t keep jack-knives.” Then I went off and whistled another tune, and what did I care for that man?

Then another man would come in the same door and say: “Do you keep jack-knives?”

“No, we don’t keep jack-knives. Do you suppose we are keeping this store just for the purpose of supplying the whole neighborhood with jack-knives?”

Do you carry on your business like that? Do you ask what was the difficulty with it? The difficulty was that I had not then learned that the foundation principles of business success and the foundation principles of Christianity, itself, are both the same. It is the whole of every man’s life to be doing for his fellow men. And he who can do the most to help his fellow men, is entitled to the greatest reward himself. Not only so saith God’s holy book, but also saith every man’s business common sense. If I had been carrying on my father’s store on a Christian plan, or on a plan that leads to success, I would have had a jack-knife for the third man when he called for it.”

But you say: “I don’t carry on my store like that.” If you have not made any money you are carrying on your business like that, and I can tell you what you will say to me to-morrow morning when I go into your store.

I come to you and inquire: "Do you know neighbor A?"

"Oh yes. He lives up in the next block. He trades here at my little store."

"Well, where did he come from when he came to _____?"

"I don't know."

"Does he own his own house?"

"I don't know."

"What business is he in?"

"I don't know."

"Do his children go to school?"

"I don't know."

"What ticket does he vote?"

"I don't know."

"What church does he go to?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

Do you answer me like that to-morrow morning, in your store? Then you are carrying on your business just as I carried on my father's business in Worthington, Massachusetts.

You don't know where neighbor A came from and you *don't care*. You don't care whether he has a happy home or not. You don't know what church he goes to, and you don't care! If you had cared, you would have been a rich man now.

You never thought it was any part of your duty to help him make money. So you cannot succeed! It is against every law of business and every rule of political economy, and I would give five dollars myself, to see your failure in the "Ledger" to-morrow morning. What right have you to be in business taking no interest in your fellow men, and not endeavoring to supply them with what they need? You cannot succeed.

That merchant, who, in the City of Boston, made his fifteen millions of dollars, began his enterprises out in the suburbs where there were not a dozen houses on the street; although there were other stores scattered about. He became such a necessity to the neighborhood that when he wished to move into the city to start a wholesale house, they came to him with a great petition, signed by all the people, begging that he would not close that store,

but keep it open for the benefit of that community. He had always looked after their interests. He had always carefully studied what they wanted and advised them rightly. He was a necessity; and they must make him wealthy; for in proportion as you are of use to your fellow men in that proportion can they afford to pay you.

Oh my friend going through this world and thinking you are unjustly dealt with! You are poor because you are not wanted. You should have made yourself a necessity to the world, and then the world would have paid you your own price. Friends learn that lesson. I would speak tenderly and kindly to the poor; but I sometimes need to speak decidedly.

Young man, remember if you are going to invest your life or talent or money, you must look around and see what people need and then invest yourself, or your money, in that which they need most. Then will your fortune be made, for they must take care of you. It is a difficult lesson to learn.

Some young man will say to me:—

“I cannot go into that mercantile business.”

“Why not?”

“Because I have no capital.”

Capital! Capital! Capital! Capital! is the cry of a dudish generation which cannot see over its collar.
[Laughter and applause.]

Who are the rich men now? The poor boys of fifty years ago. You know it. The rich men of your town, in whatever profession or calling they are, as a rule were the poor boys of forty or fifty years ago. If they had not been poor then they wouldn't be rich now.

The statistics of Massachusetts say, and I presume it holds good in your State, that not one rich man's son in seventeen ever dies rich. I pity the rich man's son. He is not to be praised for his magnificent, palatial home, not to be congratulated on having plenty of money, or his yachts, carriages, and diamonds. Oh no, but rather to be commiserated. It is often a misfortune to be born the son of a rich man. There are many things a rich man's son cannot know, because he is not passing through the school of actual experience.

A young man in our college asked me: “What is the

happiest hour in the history of a man's life?" The definition I gave him was this: The happiest hour in the history of a man's life is when he takes his bride for the first time over the threshold of his own door, into a house which he has earned by his own hands; and as he enters the nest he has built he says to her, with an eloquence of feeling no words of mine can ever touch: "Wife, I earned this home myself!" Oh that is the grandest moment a man may ever know. "Wife, I earned this home. It is all mine, and I divide it with thee!" [Applause.] It is a magnificent moment!

But the rich man's son cannot know that. He may go into a house that is more beautiful; but as he takes his wife into his mansion he will go all through it and say to her: "My mother gave me that! My mother gave me that. My mother gave me that!"—until his wife wishes he had married his mother. [Applause.]

I pity such a young man as that.

It is said that the elder Vanderbilt, when a boy, went to his father and said:—

"Father, did you earn all your money?"

And the old Commodore said: "I did, I earned every penny of it."

And he did. It is cruel to slander the rich because they have been successful. It is a shame to "look down" upon the rich the way we do. They are not scoundrels because they have gotten money. They have blessed the world. They have gone into great enterprises that have enriched the nation and the nation has enriched them. It is all wrong for us to accuse a rich man of dishonesty simply because he secured money. Go through this city and your very best people are among your richest people. Owners of property are always the best citizens. It is all wrong to say they are not good.

The elder Vanderbilt went to his father and said: "Did you earn all your money?"

And when the Commodore said that he did, the boy said: "Then I will earn mine."

And he insisted on going to work for three dollars a week. If a rich man's son will go to work like that he will be able to take care of his father's money when the father is gone. If he has the bravery to fight the bat-

tle of poverty like the poor boy, then of course he has a double advantage. But as a rule the rich father won't allow his son to work; and the boy's mother!—oh, she would think it a social disgrace for her poor, weak, little, lily-fingered, sissy sort of a boy to earn his living with honest toil. And so I say it is not capital you want. It is not copper cents, but common sense. [Applause.]

Let me illustrate it again. A. T. Stewart had a dollar and fifty cents to begin life on. That was of course before he was a school-teacher. He lost eighty-seven and a half cents on his very first venture. How did he come to lose it? He lost it because he purchased some needles, thread, and buttons to sell, which people did not want. And he said: "I will never do that again." Then he went around first to the doors of the houses and asked the people what they did want; then when he found out what they wanted he invested his sixty-two and a half cents and supplied a "known demand."

Why does one merchant go beyond another? Why does one manufacturer outsell any other? It is simply because that one has found out what people want, and does not waste his money buying things they do not need. That is the whole of it. And A. T. Stewart said: "I am not going to buy things people do not want. I will take an interest in people and study their needs." And he pursued that until he was worth forty millions of dollars.

"But," you will say, "I cannot do that here." Yes you can. It is being done in smaller places now, and you can do it as well as others.

But a better illustration was John Jacob Astor, the elder. They say that he had a mortgage on a millinery store. I never reach this point without thinking that the ladies will say, that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." [Laughter.] But John Jacob Astor had a mortgage on a millinery store, and foreclosed the mortgage and went into business with the same people who had failed on his hands. After he entered into partnership, he went out and sat down on a bench in the Park. What was the successful merchant doing out there, in partnership with people who had just failed on his own hands? Ah, he had the most important, and to my mind, the pleasantest

part of that partnership. He was out there watching the ladies as they went by:—and where is the man who would not get rich at that business? As he sat upon that bench if a lady passed him with her shoulders thrown back and her head up, and looking straight to the front, as though she didn't care if all the world did gaze on her, then John Jacob Astor studied the bonnet she wore; and before it was out of sight, he knew the shape of the frame, and the curl of the lace, and crimp of the feathers, and lots of intricate things that go into a bonnet which I cannot describe. Then he went to his millinery store and said: "Now put in the show window just such a bonnet as I describe to you, because I have just seen a real lady who likes just such a bonnet." Then he went and sat down again. Another lady, with another form and complexion came, and, of course, she wore another style of bonnet. He then went back and described that and had that put into the window. He didn't fill his show window full of hats and bonnets to drive the people away, and then sit down in the back of the store and bawl because people went somewhere else to trade. [Applause.] He didn't have a hat or a bonnet that some lady didn't like. That has since been the wealthiest millinery firm on the face of the earth. There has been taken out of the business seventeen millions of dollars and over, by partners who have retired. Yet not a dollar of capital have they ever put into that business, except what they turned in from their profits,—to use as capital. Now John Jacob Astor made the fortune of that millinery firm not by lending them money, but by finding out what the ladies liked for bonnets, before they wasted any material in making them up. And if a man can foresee the millinery business, he can foresee anything under Heaven! [Laughter and applause.]

But perhaps a better illustration may strike closer home. You ought to go into the manufacturing business. But you will say there is no room here. Great corporations which have gotten possession of the field make it impossible to make a success of a small manufacturing business now. I say to you, young man, that there was never a time in your history and never will be in your history again when the opportunity for a poor

man to make money in the manufacturing business is so clearly apparent as it is at this very hour.

"But," says some young man to me, "I have no capital."

Oh, capital, capital! Do you know of any manufacturer around here who was not born poor? Capital! you don't want capital now. I want to illustrate again, for the best way to teach is always by illustration.

There was a man in Hingham, Massachusetts, who was a carpenter and out of work. He sat around the stove until his wife told him to "go out of doors"; and he did,—what every man in Massachusetts is compelled to do by law,—he obeyed his wife. [Applause.] He went out and sat down on the shore of the bay and he whittled out an oak shingle into a wooden chain. His children that evening quarrelled over it. So he whittled another to keep peace in the family. While he was whittling the second toy a neighbor came in and said to him: "Why don't you whittle toys and sell them? You can make money." The carpenter said "I could not whittle toys, and if I could do it, I would not know what to make!" There is the whole thing. It is to know what to make. It is the secret of life everywhere. You may take it in the ministry. You may take it in law. You may take it in mechanics or in labor. You may take it in professional life, or anywhere on earth—the whole question is what to make of yourself for other people. "What to make" is the great difficulty.

He said he would "not know what to make." His neighbor said to him, with good New England common sense: "Why don't you ask your own children what to make?"

"Oh," said he, "my children are different from other people's children."

I used to see people like that when I taught school.

But he consulted his children later, and whittled toys to please them and found that other people's children wanted the same things. He called his children right around his feet and whittled out of firewood those "Hingham tops"; the wooden shovels; the wooden buckets and such things, and when his children were especially pleased, he then made copies to sell. He began

to get a little capital of his own earning, and secured a footlathe, and then secured a room, then hired a factory, and then hired power; and so he went on. The last law case I ever tried in my life was in the United States Court-room at Boston, and this very Hingham man who had whittled those toys stood upon the stand. He was the last man I ever cross-examined. Then I left the law, and went into the ministry,—left practising entirely and went to preaching exclusively. But I said to this man as he stood upon the stand:—

“When did you begin to whittle those toys?”

He said: “1870.”

Said I: “In these seven years how much have those toys become worth?”

He answered: “Do you mean the taxable value or the estimated value?”

I said: “Tell his Honor the taxable value, that there may be no question about it.” He answered me from the witness-stand, under oath:—

“Seventy-eight thousand dollars.”

Seventy-eight thousand dollars in only seven years, and beginning with nothing but a jack-knife (and a few hundred dollars of debts he owed other people), and so he was worth at least \$100,000. His fortune was made by consulting his own children, in his own house, and deciding that other people’s children would like the same thing. You can do the same thing if you will. You don’t need to go out of your house to find out where the diamonds are. You don’t need to go out of your own room.

But your wealth is too near. I was speaking in New Britain, Connecticut, on this very subject. There sat five or six rows from me a lady. I noticed the lady at the time, from the color of her bonnet. I said to them, what I say to you now, “Your wealth is too near to you! You are looking right over it!” She went home after the lecture and tried to take off her collar. The button stuck in the buttonhole. She twisted and tugged and pulled and finally broke it out of the buttonhole and threw it away. She said: “I wonder why they don’t make decent collar buttons?”

Her husband said to her: “After what Conwell said to-night why don’t you get up a collar button yourself?

Did he not say that if you need anything other people need it; so if you need a collar button there are millions of people needing it. Get up a collar button and get rich. '*Wherever there is a need there is a fortune.*'” [Applause.]

Then she made up her mind to do it; and when a woman makes up her mind, and don't say anything about it, she does it! [Applause.] And she invented this "snap button," a kind of a button that snaps together from two pieces, through the buttonhole. That very woman can now go over the sea every summer in her own yacht and take her husband with her. And if he were dead she would have enough money left to buy a foreign count or duke, or some such thing. [Laughter and applause.]

What is my lesson in it? I said to her what I say to you, "Your fortune is too near to you! So near that you are looking over it." She had to look over it. It was right under her chin. And it is just as near to you.

In East Brookfield, Massachusetts, there was a shoemaker out of work. His wife drove him out of doors with the mopstick, because she wanted to mop around the stove. He went out and sat down on the ash barrel in the back yard. Close by that ash barrel ran a little mountain stream. I have sometimes wondered if, as he sat there on that ash barrel, he thought of Tennyson's beautiful poem:—

"Chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river,
Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

I don't believe he thought of it, because it was not a poetical situation, on an ash barrel in the back yard. [Laughter.] But as he sat on that ash barrel he looked down into the stream, and he saw a trout go flashing up the stream and hiding under the bank. He leaped down and caught the fish in his hands and took it into the house. His wife sent it to a friend in Worcester. The friend wrote back that they would give five dollars for another such trout. And the shoemaker and his wife im-

mediately started out to find one. They went up and down the stream, but not another trout to be found. Then they went to the preacher. But that is not half as foolish as some other things young people go to a preacher for. That preacher could not explain why they could not find another trout. But he was true to his profession; he "pointed the way." He said: "Secure Seth Green's book on the 'Culture of Trout,' and it will give you the information you need." They got the book and found that if they started with a pair of trout, a trout would lay thirty-six hundred eggs every year, and that every trout would grow an ounce the first year, and a quarter of a pound every succeeding year, so that in four years a man could secure from two trout four tons per annum to sell. They said: "Oh, we don't believe such a great story as that. But if we could raise a few and sell them for five dollars apiece, we might make money." So they purchased two little trout and put them in the stream, with a coal sifter down the stream and a window screen up-stream to keep the trout in. Afterwards, they moved to the banks of the Connecticut River, and afterwards to the Hudson, and one of them has been on the United States Fish Commission, and had a large share in the preparation for the World's Fair in 1900 at Paris. But he sat that day, on that ash barrel in the back yard, right by his acres of diamonds. But he didn't see them. He had not seen his fortune although he had lived there for twenty-three years, until his wife drove him out there with a mopstick. It may be you will not find your wealth until your wife assumes the sceptre of power! But nevertheless, your wealth is there. [Applause.]

But the people who make the greatest mistakes are the farmers. When I could not keep my father's store he set me to work on the farm, knowing that as the ground was nearly all rock I could not do much harm there. [Laughter.]

I know by experience that a very ordinary man can be a lawyer. I also know that it does not take a man with a gigantic intellect to be a preacher. It takes a greater man than either, to make a successful farmer to-day. The farmer will be more successful when he gives more attention to what people want and not so much to what

will grow, though he needs them both. But now the whole time of most of our farmers is taken up with the finding out of "what will grow."

I was going up through Iowa a while ago and saw the wheat decaying in mud, and I said to a farmer:—

"Why is it that all this grain here is decaying?"

"Oh," he said, "it is the 'awful' monopoly of the railroads." He didn't use the word "awful," but he used a word that he thought was more emphatic. [Laughter.]

I got into the train and I sympathized with the poor down-trodden farmer. The conductor came along and I asked him:—

"How much dividend does this railroad pay on its stock?"

He looked at me and said: "It has not paid any for nine years and it has been in the hands of the receiver the most of the time."

Then I changed my mind. If that farmer had raised what the people wanted, not only would he have been rich, but the railroad would have paid interest on its stock. [Applause.]

I was at Evansville, Indiana, and a man drove up in his beautiful carriage and told me: "Eighteen years ago I borrowed two hundred dollars and I went into farming. I began the first year to raise wheat, rye, and hogs. But the second year I decided to raise what the people wanted, so I ploughed the ground over and put in small fruits. Now, I own this farm and a great deal more." They told me at the hotel that he owned two-thirds of the stock in the bank of which he was president. He had made his money all because he planted what people wanted.

Let me go down through the audience now, and ask you to show me the great inventors here. You will say: "That doesn't mean me." But it does mean you. Great inventors that hear me now! Oh, you will say, we don't have any inventors here. They all live away off somewhere else. But who are the great inventors? Always the men who are the simplest and plainest. They are the great inventors. The great inventor has the simple mind, and invents the simplest machine.

Did you ever think how simple the telephone and the telegraph were? Now the simplest mind is always the

greatest. Did you ever see a great man? Great in every noble and true sense? If so, you could walk right up to him and say: "How are you, Jim?" Just think of the great men you have met and you find this is true.

I went out to write the biography of General Garfield and found him crowded with other people. I went to a neighbor's to wait until they were gone. But the neighbor told me that if I wanted to get a chance to see him I had better go over at once, and he offered to introduce me. He took his old hat and stuck it on the back of his head, and climbed over the fence and went to the back-door of the house, and shouted:—

"Jim! Jim! Jim!"

Very soon "Jim" came to the door; and the neighbor said: "Here is a man who wants to see you."

I went into the home of one of the grandest men that America ever raised. To his neighbors he was "Jim," a plain man, a simple man. [Applause.]

I went to see President Lincoln one time when I was an officer in the War of 1861. I had never seen him before, and his secretary sent me in to see him as one would enter a neighbor's office. Simple, plain "old Abe." [Applause.]

The simple men are the greatest always. Did you ever see a man strut proudly along, puffed up in his individual pride, not willing to notice an ordinary mechanic? Do you think he is great? Do you really think that man is great? He is nothing but a puffed-up balloon, held down by his big feet. There may be greatness in self-respect, but there is no greatness in feeling above one's fellow men. [Applause.]

I asked a class in Minnesota once, who were the great inventors, and a girl hopped up and said, "Columbus." [Laughter.] Columbus was a great inventor. Columbus married a wife who owned a farm, and he carried it on just as I carried on my father's farm. We took the hoe and went out and sat down on a rock. But as Columbus sat on that rock on the Island of Porto Santo, Spain, he was thinking. I was not. That was a great difference. Columbus as he sat on that rock held in his hand a hoe-handle. He looked out on the ocean and saw the departing ships apparently sink into the sea, and the tops of the

masts went down, out of sight. Since that time some "other Spanish ships have sunk into the sea!" [Applause]. Said Columbus: "This world is like a hoe-handle, the further off the further down, the further off the further down,—just like a hoe-handle. I can sail around to the East Indies." How clear it all was. Yet how simple the mind. It is the simplest minds that observe the very simplest things, which accomplish the greatest marvels.

I went up into New Hampshire and when I came back I said I would never go to New Hampshire to lecture again. And I said to a relative of mine, who was a professor at Harvard:—

"I was cold all the time I was there and I shivered so that my teeth shook."

Said he: "Why did you shiver?"

"Because it was cold."

"No, that is not the reason you shivered."

Then I said: "I shivered because I had not bedclothes enough."

"No, that is not the reason."

"Well," said I, "Professor, you are a scientific man, I am not, I would like to have an expert, scientific opinion now, why I shivered."

He arose in his facetious way and said to me: "Young man you shivered because you did not know any better! Didn't you have in your pocket a two-cent paper?"

"Oh yes, I had a 'Herald' and a 'Journal.'"

"That is it. You had them in your pocket, and if you had spread one newspaper over your sheet when you went to bed, you would have been as warm as you lay there, as the richest man in America under all his silk coverlids. But you shivered because you didn't know enough to put a two-cent newspaper on your bed, and you had it in your pocket." [Applause.]

It is the power to appreciate the little things that brings success. How many women want divorces, and ought to have them too; but how many divorces originate like this? A man will hurry home from the factory, and his wife rushes in from the kitchen with the potatoes that have been taken out before they seem to be done, and she puts them on the table for her husband to eat. He chops

them up and eats them in a hurry. They go down in hard lumps; he doesn't feel good, and he is all full of crankiness. He frets and scolds, and perhaps swears, and there is a row in the family right there. And these hearts that were almost divinely united will separate to satanic hatred. What is the difficulty? The difficulty is that that lady didn't know what all these ladies do know, that if with potatoes raised in lime soil she had put in a pinch of salt when she put them in the kettle, she could have brought them forth at the right time, and they would have been ready to laugh themselves to pieces with edible joy. He would have digested them readily, and there would have been love in that family, just for a little pinch of salt. [Applause.]

Now, I say, it is the appreciation of these things that makes the great inventors of the world. I read in a newspaper the other day that no woman ever invented anything. Of course this didn't refer to gossip; but machines and improvements. [Laughter.] If it had referred to gossip, it would have applied better to that newspaper than to women. [Renewed laughter.] Who invented the Jacquard loom? Mrs. Jacquard. Who invented the printer's roller? A woman. Who invented the cotton-gin? Mrs. Green; although a patent was taken out on an improvement in Mr. Whitney's name. Who invented the sewing-machine? A woman. Mrs. Howe, the wife of Elias Howe. If a woman can invent a sewing-machine, if a woman can invent a printing roller, if a woman can invent a cotton-gin, we men can invent anything under Heaven! [Laughter and applause.] I say that to encourage the men. Anyhow, our civilization would roll back if we should cross out the great inventions of women, though the patents were taken out often in the names of men.

The greatest inventors are those who see what the people need, and then invent something to supply that need. Let me illustrate only once more. Suppose I were to go through this house and shake hands with each of you and say: "Please introduce me to the great men and women in this hall to-night."

You would say: "Great men! We don't have any here. There are none in this audience. If you want to

find great men you must go to some other part of the world! Great men always come from somewhere else."

How many of your men with vast power to help your city, how many with great genius, or great social power, who might enrich and beautify and elevate this their own city, are now taking their money and talents and spending them in some foreign place, instead of benefiting their own people here? Yet here is the place for them to be great. There are as great men here as in any other place of its size. But it is so natural for us to say that great men come from afar. They come from London, from Rome, from San Francisco, from New York, from Manayunk, or anywhere else. But there are just as great men hearing me speak to-night as there are elsewhere, and yet, who, because of their simplicity, are not now appreciated. But "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," says the great philosopher; and it is true. Your neighbor is a great man and it is time you appreciated it, and if you do not appreciate it now, you never will. The only way to be a true patriot is to be a true patriot at home. A man who cannot benefit his own city should never be sent to Washington. Towns and cities are cursed because their own people talk them down. A man who cannot bless his own community, the place in which he lives, should not be called a patriot anywhere else. To these young men I want to utter this cry with all my force. Here is the place for you to be great, and here are your great men.

But we teach our young people to believe that all the great people are away off. I heard a professor in an Illinois college say, that "nearly all the great men are dead." We don't want him in Philadelphia. [Laughter.] They don't want him anywhere. The greatest men are living now, and will only be exceeded by the generations to come; and he who appreciates that fact will look around him and will respect his neighbor, and will respect his environment. I have to say to-night, that the great men of the world are those who appreciate that which is next to them, and the danger now to our nation is that we belittle everything that is at home.

Have you heard the campaign speeches this year? I heard a man at the Academy of Music say that our nation

is going to ruin; that the Ship of State is drifting upon the rocks and will soon be shattered into ten thousand fragments, and this Republic will be no more; that there will be founded an empire, and upon the empire we will put a throne, and upon the throne will be placed a tyrant, and he with his iron heel will grind the people into dust! It is a lie! [Applause.] Never in the history of God's government of mankind was there a nation stepping upward more certainly toward all that is grand and beautiful and true than is the Nation of America to-day! Let the politicians say what they will for personal greed, let them declaim with all their powers, and try to burden the people, you and I know that whichever way the elections may go, the American people are not dead, and the nation will not be destroyed. It is a living body, this mighty Republic, and it cannot be killed by a single election. And they that will belittle our nation are not patriots. Let the land be filled with hope. Some young men will say: "Oh well, the nation is having a hard time." But it is not. The Bible says: "It is good for me that I was afflicted." We are getting down to where we can consider and take account of stock. In the next five years from this 1893 you will see the most flourishing institutions; all through this land will be united a prosperity such as this nation never knew before. Whatever the result of the election, don't belittle your own nation.

Some young man is saying: "There is going to be a great man here, although I don't know of any now."

"Young man when are you going to be great?"

"When I am elected to some political office, then I will be great."

"Oh young man, learn right now, in these exciting times, that to hold a political office under our form of government is no evidence of greatness. Why, my friends, what would become of this nation if our great men should take office? Suppose you select the greatest men of your city right now, and ask them to leave their great enterprises and go into some political office. My friends, what a ruin would be left if the great men were to take political offices. The great men cannot afford to take political office, and you and I cannot afford to put them there. To hold a political office is to be a servant of

the people. And the Bible says, "He that is sent cannot be greater than he who sends him," and "the servant cannot be greater than his master." The office-holder is the servant of others. He is sent by the people, he cannot be greater than the people. You think you are going to be a great man by being elected to some political office! Young man, greatness is intrinsic, it is in the personality, not in the office. If you are not great as an individual before you go into the office, you may rattle around in it after you get in, like "shot in a tin pan." There will be no greatness there. You will hold the office for a year or more and never be heard of again. There are greater things than political office. Many a young man's fortune has been made by being defeated when he was up for political office. You never saw a really great man in office who did not take the office at a sacrifice to himself.

Another young man says: "There is going to be a great man here."

"When?"

"When there comes a war! When we get into another conflict with Spain over Cuba; with England over the Monroe Doctrine, or over the Russian boundary, or with New Jersey, or some distant country of the world [laughter], then I will sweep up among the glittering bayonets, then I will tear down their flag from the staff, bear it away in triumph, and come home with stars on my shoulders, and hold every office in the gift of the nation; then I will be great!"

Young man, remember greatness does not consist in holding office, even in war. The office does not make the great man. But, alas, we mislead the young in teaching history. If you ask a scholar in school who sank the "Merrimac," he will answer "Hobson," and tell seven-eighths of a lie. For eight men sank the "Merrimac" at Santiago. Yet where are the women here to-night who have kissed the other seven men? [Laughter.]

A young man says: "I was studying the history of the War the other day and read about Generals Grant, Meade, Beauregard, Hood, and these great leaders, and they were great."

Did you read anything about their predecessors?

There is very little in history about them. If the office had made their predecessors great, you would not have heard of Grant, or Sherman, or McClellan. But they were great men intrinsically, not made so by the office. The way we teach history leads the young to think that when people get into office then they become great men. But it is terribly misleading.

Every great general of the war is credited with many victories he never knew anything about, simply because they were won by his subordinates. But it is unfair to give the credit to a general who did not know anything about it. I tell you if the lightning of heaven had struck out of existence every man who wore shoulder-straps in our wars, there would have arisen out of the ranks of our private soldiers just as great men to lead the nation on to victory.

I will give one more illustration. I don't like to give it. I don't know how I ever fell into the habit. Indeed, it was first given off-hand to a Grand Army post of which I was a member. I hesitate to give it now.

I close my eyes and I can see my own native hills once more. I can see my mountain town and plateau, the Congregational Church, and the Town Hall. They are there spread before me with increasing detail as my years fly by. I close my eyes and I can see the crowd again that was there in that war-time, 1864, dressed in red, white and blue; the flags flying, the band playing. I see a platoon of soldiers who have returned from one term of service and re-enlisted for the second, and are now to be received by the mountain town. Oh, well do I remember the day. I was captain of the company. Although in my teens, I was marching at the head of that company and puffed out with pride. A cambric needle would have burst me all to pieces! [Laughter.] I am sincerely ashamed of the whole thing now. But what august pride, then in my youth, marching at the head of my troops, being received by the country town authorities! We marched into the Town Hall. They seated my soldiers in the middle of the hall, and the crowds came in on the right and on the left. Then the town officers filed upon the stand and took up their position in a half-circle. The good old Mayor of the town,

and the Chairman of the Selectmen (his family gave me permission to use this without offense to them), he sat there in his dignity, with his powerful spectacles. He had never held an office in his life before. He may have thought that if he could get into office that would give him power to do almost anything. He never held an office before, and never made a speech before. When he had taken his place he saw me on the front seat, and he came right forward and invited me up on the platform with the "Selectmen." Invited me, me! up on the stand with the town officers! Why, no town officer ever took any notice of me before I went to war; yet perhaps I ought not to say that, because one of them, I remember, did advise a teacher to "whale" me: but I mean no "honorable mention." [Laughter and applause.] Now I am invited on the stand with the Selectmen. They gave me a chair in just about this relation to the table. [Indicating the position.] I sat down, let my sword fall to the floor and waited to be received—Napoleon the Vth!—"Pride goeth before destruction," and it ought. When the Selectmen and the Mayor had taken seats the Mayor waited for quite a while, and then came forward to the table. Oh, that speech! We had supposed he would simply introduce the Congregational minister, who usually gave such public addresses. But you should have seen the surprise when this old man arose to deliver the address, on this august occasion. He had never delivered an address before. He thought the office would make him an orator. But he forgot that a man must speak his piece as a boy if he wishes to become an orator as a man. Yet he made a most common mistake. So he had written out his speech and learned it by heart. But he brought his manuscript with him, very wisely, and took it out, opened it, and spread it on the table, and then adjusted his spectacles that he might see it. Then he walked back and came forward again to deliver that address. He must have studied the idea a great deal, because he assumed an "elocutionary attitude." He "rested heavily on his left heel, slightly advanced his right foot, threw back his shoulders, and advanced his right hand at an angle of forty-five." [Laughter.] As he stood in that elocutionary attitude, this is just the way he delivered that speech. Friends often ask me if I do not

exaggerate it. You couldn't exaggerate it. I haven't the power to exaggerate it.—

"Fellow citizens!" — and then he paused until his fingers and knees shook, and began to swallow, then turned aside to look at his manuscript.

"Fellow citizens:—We are—we are—we are—we are very happy. We are very happy—we are very happy—we are very happy. We are very happy—to welcome back to their native town—to their native town—these soldiers—these soldiers—who have fought and bled, and are back again in their native town. We are especially,—we are especially pleased to see with us to-night this young hero,—(that meant me)—who in imagination—(friends, remember he said that; if he hadn't said that I wouldn't have been egotistic enough to refer to it to-day, I assure you)—who, in imagination,—we have seen leading his troops on to the deadly breach. We have seen his shining—we have seen his shining—his shining sword—we have seen his shining sword, flashing in the sunlight, as he shouted to his troops, 'Come on!'" [Laughter and applause.]

Oh, dear, dear, dear! He was a good old man, but how little he knew about the War. If he had known anything about war at all, he ought to have known that it is next to a crime for an officer of infantry ever, in time of danger, to go ahead of his men. I, with "my shining sword flashing in the sunlight," and calling to my troops, "Come on!" I never did it. Do you suppose I would go in front of my men to be shot in front by the enemy, and in the back by my own men? It is no place for an officer. The place for an officer in time of danger is behind the private soldier. It is the private soldier who faces the enemy. Often, as a staff officer, I have ridden down the line, before the battle, and as I rode I have given the general's order, shouting, "Officers to the rear!" And then every officer goes behind the line of private soldiers, and the higher the officer's rank, the further behind he goes. It is the place for him; for, if your officers and your generals were killed on the first discharge, where would the plan of the battle be? How ashamed I was of the whole af-

fair. In actual battle such an officer has no right to go ahead of his men. Some of those men had carried that boy across the Carolina rivers. Some of them had given him their last draught of coffee. One of them had leaped in front of him and had his cheek-bone shot away; he had leaped in front of the boy to save his life. Some were not there at all, and the tears flowing from the eyes of the widows and orphans showed that they had gone down for their country. Yet in the good man's speech he scarcely noticed those who had died; the hero of the hour was that boy. We do not know even now where many of those comrades do sleep. They went down to death. Sometimes in my dreams I call, "Answer me, ye sighing pines of the Carolinas; answer me, ye shining sands of Florida; answer me, ye crags and rocks of Kentucky and Tennessee,—where sleep my dead?" But to my call no answer comes. I know not where many of those men now sleep. But I do know this, they were brave men. I know they went down before a brave foe, fighting for a cause both believed to be right. Yet the hero of this hour was this boy. He was an officer, and they were only private soldiers.

I learned a lesson then I will never forget, until the bell of time ceases to swing for me,—that greatness consists not in holding an office. Greatness really consists in doing great deeds with little means,—in the accomplishment of vast purposes; from the private ranks of life—in benefiting one's own neighborhood, in blessing one's own city, the community in which he dwells. There, and there only, is the great test of human goodness and human ability. He who waits for an office before he does great and noble deeds must fail altogether.

I learned that lesson then, that henceforth in life I will call no man great simply because he holds an office. Greatness! It is something more than office, something more than fame, more than genius! It is the great-heartedness that encloses those in need, reaches down to those below, and lifts them up. May this thought come to every one of these young men and women who hear me speak to-night and abide through future years. [Applause.]

I close with the words of Bailey. He was not one of

our greatest writers, but, after all, in this he was one of our best:—

“We live in deeds, not years,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
In thoughts, not breaths;
We should count time by heart throbs; (in the cause of right.)
He most lives who *thinks most.*”

Oh, friends, if you forget everything else I say, don’t forget these two lines; for, if you think *two* thoughts where I think *one*, you live twice as much as I do in the same length of time.—

“He most lives who thinks most
Who feels the noblest,
And who acts the best.”

[Great applause.]

